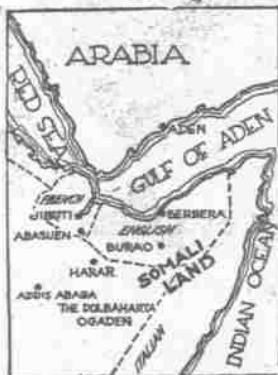


## MAD MULLAH ON WARPATH!



Mad Mullah of Somaliland, sketched from the only snapshot ever made of him; below, a map of his stamping ground—Somaliland.

Haji Muhammed Abdullah, the so-called Mad Mullah of Somaliland, has broken loose once more! He has started a big wad of trouble for Johnny Bull, and the British soldiers have been sent down into the jungles of Northeast Africa to chasten the unruly Somali chief. For eleven years

British soldiers have tried to wipe the Mad Mullah off the earth and several times have defeated him and driven him into the interior—only to come out again "madder" than ever.

Abdullah is sane, however flighty may be his religious zeal. No saner man ever lived. It's the idea that British, Italian and French people are taking his Somaliland from him that makes him mad.

### THE JOKE

By Berton Braley.

Manhattan chuckles at Kalamazoo  
And sneers at Oshkosh and Kankakee;

It laughs at Rahway and Goshen, too,  
And howls at Tombstone with raucous glee,

And yet the fellows who win to fame  
In Gotham city, if you would know,  
Are live-wire hustlers who up and came

From Oskaloosa or Kokomo!

Manhattan chortles at Pottsville, Pa.,  
And roars with laughter at Cairo, Ill.,

And mirth goes rolling along Broadway  
At Ashtabula or Waterville;

And yet the people who make things hum,  
Who build its bridges and buildings, too,

To old Manhattan have blithely come  
From towns like Bethel and Baraboo!

Manhattan snickers?—well, let it snick;

Why should we care for its smile or frown?

The boys who came from the towns called "Hick"

Are cleaning the platter in Gotham town;

So let it chuckle—for what care we;  
The joke's on Little New York, all through,

And not on Trenton or Kankakee  
Or Milton Junction or Kalamazoo!